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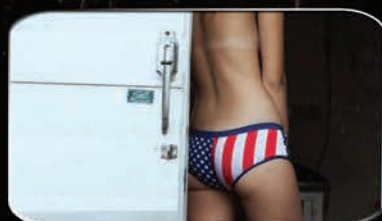
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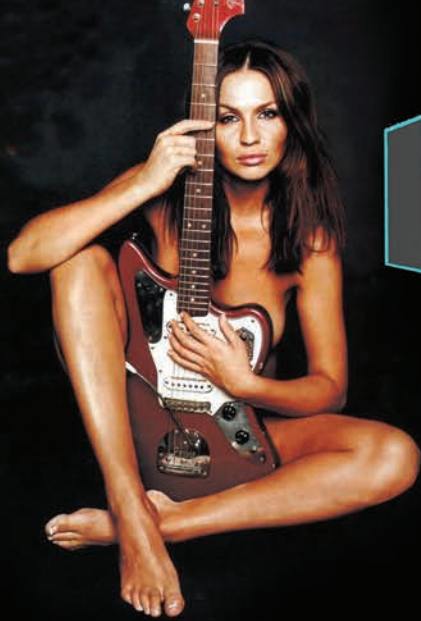
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*Oregon 2019*  
*Tanya*

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# BLAZER'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS For The Portland Music Scene

by Blazer Sparrow



Well, it's January 1st—that is, if you're a loyal reader of this respectable publication and make sure to grab your copy as soon as it comes out (and, even if you're reading this sometime after the new year and are mulling over what empty promise you're going to make to yourself). Quit smoking, go vegan, stop stalking your ex's Facebook, etc. Whatever lies you tell yourself, to help you pretend you're gonna be the change you wish to see in the world, in the year 2019. While you tell all your friends about these New Year's resolutions—that you'll inevitably punk out on—I have a list here, of resolutions that I would like to see the PDX music scene fulfill. It shouldn't be too much to ask. These are all things I've touched on over the year in this humble little column, so it seemed like a good piece to start the year off right. So, Portland, my beloved city of passive-aggressive, hipster sluts playing in eight different bands, I give you three New Year's resolutions to make 2019 not suck so much in this festering scene.

## Fees, Not Cuts

Dear bars \*cough\* venues, this is something that I have circled around in several of my articles and will continue to get on my soapbox and preach about: pay bands a fee, regardless of their draw or how much they suck. They are offering a service: entertainment for the night. Even on the lowest level, this would change the dynamic in this city drastically for the better. No cuts from the door. No cuts from the bar. Instead, set aside a budget for entertainment, especially if you're trying to establish yourself as a hip Portland music spot. Pay bands up front, and instead of sharing the ticket sales, keep what you make at the door and the extra sales in booze. If the band has a shit draw, that sucks for one night and you don't have to ask them back. If they have an amazing draw, you bet-

ter cough up that fee, so you can make sure to cement a hot act that can guarantee a lot of booze sales. Either way, you will give these performing artists something none of them feel they have: value. Oh, also, the two drink tickets stay—that's literally why we do this.

## All-Stripper Rock Bands

Preferably punk or hardcore. This is an idea I touched on earlier in the year, relating to how practically no side hustle is completely compatible with the daunting ambition of making it in music. Getting time off of work and having the flexibility to take life-changing opportunities when they come just isn't in the cards for any day (or night) job you want to keep with any regularity. However, if you have the stomach for it, stripping couldn't be a more ideal "day job"



for a rock band that actually wants to make a go of it. Decent cash flow and the ability to make your own schedule are practically all it would take to form a functioning musical act that isn't Soundcloud lapping. If you can save your cash and put up with the creeps, this is the perfect way to support your debilitating music habit. Plus, you'd probably have an instant following. I'm not sure what about hot girls, covered in tattoos, sweating and screaming on stage wouldn't sell. A good and trusted friend of mine, who dances, pointed out one fatal flaw in this fantasy band of mine—most strippers are really flaky. However, I'm sure there's three or four of you out there who have your shit together

enough to show up for band practice at least once a week. Come on...make this happen! For a better 2019!

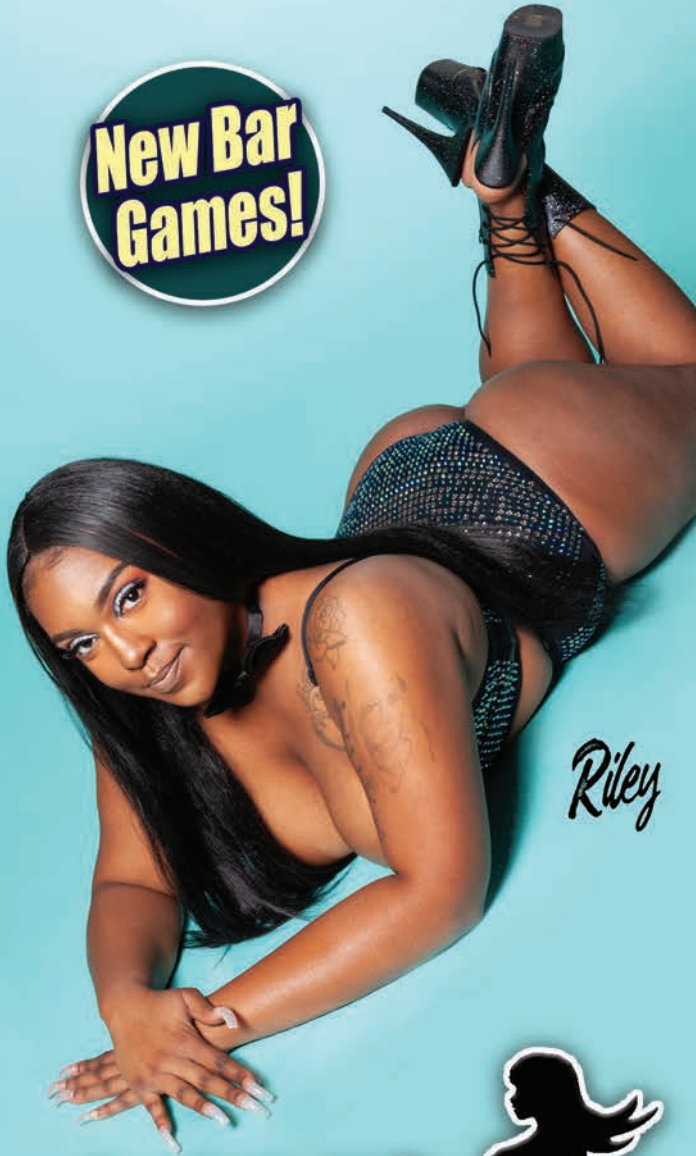
## Throw Some Variety On The Bill

I get how it is easier to sell a show that is simply listed as "80s synth pop," "tough guy hardcore" or "punk with horns" \*cough\* "ska." And, some folks do wanna come out to just see a night of local bands attempting to not butcher a vaguely defined genre. There's also nothing wrong with a venue catering to a specific scene. Thanks to Landmark, Portland actually has a venue, where you can see some good country and bluegrass any night of the week, in this hipster, indie-rock-infested town. However, it becomes a bit of a crutch, when a booker insists on making sure every band for the evening sounds exactly the same. Nothing will stagnate a scene more than every artist trying to sound more like everyone else than anyone else. Plus, musicians are usually very open-minded and hang out with other musicians, regardless of genre. So, if you book a punk band that wants a hip hop act to open because they're all good friends, let them! Some cross-pollination would be good for this town. When Blink 182 reunited, Big Boi opened for them for the first few legs of the tour. Nobody died (I don't think). When I saw Deafheaven a few months back, the booker thought this shoegazey, black metal band would pair well with an albino, future synth duo, called Drab Majesty. It was genius! Why can't we do this on the local level? This is another call to the venues, as I think most artists in this town are down with throwing three completely different acts together, since they're all homies. So, bookers, if you like a band and agree to let them play, PLEASE stop asking them to find three other bands that sound exactly like them. If they come to you with a hip hop group and folk duo, just go with it. I promise, no one will die.

Happy New Year to you all!

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*Riley*

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Kit Kat Club  
3rd Place

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Hard Luck Athletics

*Marlie Mae*  
Xpose

*Lolita*  
Stars Caberet (Salem)



## MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2019

We sat down with Taeya, Miss Exotic Oregon 2019, for a brief chat regarding her performance, the title and some personal details. With a persistent, determined attitude and some serious practice, skill and talent, Taeya finally took the crown this year, after no less than four years of competing in the contest.

*Exotic:* If we're not mistaken, you've competed in *Exotic* events before, correct? Was this your first time winning? If so, how did it feel to finally have your hard work pay off?

Taeya: Yes, this was my fourth year competing for *Miss Exotic Oregon*. It was my first time winning—ever. I've done all of Dick Hennessy's contests, too. I always made it to the finals, but never placed. But, it made me become a better performer. I learned something new every time. To finally win—and, win the biggest competition—was so gratifying. I may have even tinkled in my panties.

*Exotic:* Your sets involve a lot of costumes and/or makeup. What tips would you give performers, regarding the ability to involve a serious amount of wardrobe efforts, while still being able to strip naked and swing around the pole? What types of preparation did you have to do, in order to make your sets tight?

Taeya: To make a great show, you really need to practice. I mean, practice your moves, how you'll undress...have a clear idea of what you're going to do. It's got to be original, too. What really helped me this year, is I had a team—Laboosh Studios. We were able to collaborate. We even had someone to do music (thank you, DJ Frank!). Also, Cece (from Laboosh) is amazing. Being around for 20 years in the industry, she has seen so many performances—she'd be, like, "Nope, seen it before!" Plus, other girls from

the studio had props to use. I'm thankful for all of them.

*Exotic:* What made you want to sign up and compete in *Miss Exotic Oregon*? What are



you hoping to get out of the recognition associated with the title, other than the usual perks associated with being a locally famous dancer?

Taeya: The first time I signed up was because of my friends at Bottoms Up peer-pressured me into it. The owner (at the time) told me I was the best dancer he had ever seen in that club. So, I gave it a shot. And, it was such a rush. I puked before and after my first time. But, I had no idea of what I was getting into.

I had no idea of a theme or anything—I just winged it. I kept signing up after that. It was on my bucket list to win. My doctor hates the fact I swing around a pole (at the speeds I can pull off) and walk out of it, without being dizzy. Most people don't know, but I suffer from brain trauma and epilepsy. I have a condition called cholesteatoma—an inner ear disease. If I were to hit the right side of my head, I could die. I live every moment like it's my last.

What I am hoping to get out of the recognition is to get backstage of the Mickey Avalon and Dirt Nasty show, February 7, at Dante's—I already got my tickets.

*Exotic:* How did you get started performing? Have you always been an exotic dancer or did you come up a different route? If you started out as a stripper, what would you tell your former self, today, in terms of advice and words of wisdom?

Taeya: I started dancing 13 years ago. I was broke and needed fast money. Dealing with a disability and working is really hard to do. If I were to give myself any advice or tips, I would tell myself to save my money. Go to school earlier than I did and don't let your boyfriend control your money—be independent. Also, just getting wasted every shift is just tacky.

*Exotic:* Any last-minute plugs or shouts that you'd like to have in print?

Taeya: I would like to thank Julie at Guilty Pleasures, who believed in me, Cece from Laboosh Studios for teaching me, my home bar, Bottoms Up, for always being my stripper family and my husband, for all his support. I would have never done it without them.



SPICE OF LIFE BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

# STRIPPERS IN HISTORY

The act and art of stripping has evolved through the centuries. Paleolithic cave drawings found in the south of France depict what appears to be one of the earliest recordings of exotic dancing. The drawings are estimated to be around 20,000 years old.

All-nude stripping became legal in Oregon in 1987, with the landmark *State vs. Henry*—an Oregon Supreme Court decision that protected all-nude stripping under the First Amendment. But, the sex work industry and culture have been shaped by a few influential strippers throughout history.

## Topless Dancing

Carol Ann Doda was a lounge entertainer at San Francisco's Condor Club. In 1964, she danced topless for the first time, atop a white, baby grand piano, setting a precedent in the area and throughout the country. Eventually, Doda began performing totally nude, until 1972, when California banned full nudity in establishments that served alcohol. Doda continued to strip until the 1980s and performed clothed until 2009. She was also one of the first dancers to enhance her breast size. After silicone injections to increase their size—from a 34B to a 44DD—her breasts were known as “the

new twin peaks of San Francisco.”

## Stage Presence

Gypsy Rose Lee's life has been well-documented in movies, plays and in her own autobiography. Her career as an entertainer started early in life, with an overbearing stage mother from hell, but eventually, Lee landed in New York City at the world-famous club, The Republic. The club was one of the first to feature burlesque on Broadway. The crowd loved Lee and she began performing for sold-out crowds. Lee went on to do film, television and radio. Reviewers at the time were critical of her looks and entertaining ability. *Life* wrote this about Lee in 1942: “It is safe to assume, no culture but our own could fashion such a unique national character as Gypsy Rose Lee. She cannot sing, dance or act, but she earns more on the stage than Helen Hayes or Katherine Cornell.”

## Activism

When Josephine Baker's parents were unable to provide for her as a child, she began dancing in the streets for money. She caught the eye of an African American dance theater group and eventually ended up in New York City. It was there, that she began performing burlesque

and appearing in her now-famous banana skirt. Baker left the United States for France, and during World War II, she was critical to the French Army in fighting Hitler's Nazi regime. Baker reportedly helped the French with information she heard while performing, which she transmitted on music sheets. After the war, Baker traveled back to her home in America and was unhappy with rampant segregation and racism against African Americans—she refused to perform for segregated audiences and owners were left with no choice but to allow mixed shows. In 1975, Baker performed one last show at the age of 69 and died the same year.

## Boobs

In the 1988 edition of *Guinness Movie Facts & Feats*, Chesty Morgan is featured for having the largest real breast size—73 inches, with a “Q” cup size! Morgan began performing a topless, burlesque-style striptease in the 1970s and it was reported that she was arrested several times after performing, for allowing patrons to touch her breasts. Morgan—whose real name is Lillian Wilczkowska—has also appeared in a handful of films, including the 2018 documentary, *The Old Stripper*. Morgan performed a final striptease at the age of 51.



# NEW YEAR'S RESIN-LUTIONS

GREEN ROOM DIARIES BY STONED GOLD SATIVA AWESOME

You're not gonna stop smoking weed this year—no one is. And, you're probably not going to be hitting the gym, getting your bills together, finally meeting your kid or anything else of that nature. So, why not stick to three, easy-to-follow resolutions, that even stoners can keep the pace with?

## Stop Supporting Shitty Music

Pot smokers, while well-intended in terms of social consciousness and being all "activist" whenever possible, have done very, very little to better society. Yes, we legalized weed in most states, but, come on...that's a little self-serving (like most activism, but, still). Let's take a few seconds and ask ourselves, what is it that we could be doing to contribute to the world, that other people are not willing to take on? I'll tell you what: Woodstock. Ween. Phish. Primus. Mr. Bungle. All of the '90s rap. Die Anternotgonnaspellcheckit. We are responsible for locating, promoting (and, sometimes, producing) good music—unlike any other group of substance abusers.

Stoners are the disc jockeys of the real world—we are responsible for weeding through the dirt to find true gems—not only in terms of recorded albums, but live performances, as well. There are hundreds of concerts that I would have never attended—and, thousands of songs I'd never have listened to—had it not been for weed. Whether via festival, opening act at a pot-friendly venue or on a dealer's stereo back in high school, cannabis is the constant. I mean, how else does one end up actually paying money for a copy of *40 Ounces To Freedom*, if not for a THC count above reasonable levels? And, yet, that was Sublime's only really good album. Sure, pot is responsible for some *horrible* music, but compared to any other drug subculture, we easily have the best taste—save for heroin addicts in odd-numbered decades (like the '50s, '70s and '90s). Coke gave us one-hit wonders, littered with synth. Molly gave us every fucking rap song on the radio today, without any of the flavor established by the early days of ecstasy (R.I.P. Mac Dre). Booze? Well, that's what makes Nickelback

sound good. However, cannabis gave us *The Dark Side Of The Rainbow* (look that shit up on YouTube). Weed is in another league, when it comes to the world of music. We're talking "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" versus "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds," okay? Weed can make anything better—even crappy British pop.

## Dial Back The E-Things

"Oh, you're looking to relax a little bit and enjoy your night? Here, all you do is plug this thing into the coil, then charge it with a USB 2.012A-compatible cord that comes with an update, which you need to download using the app. Next, place the one part into the slot and make sure you dial the number to a specific heat, in order to keep it from breaking. Finally, take this pre-filled cartridge and just twist...oh, shit. This is the wrong model. Okay, you're gonna need to buy this adapter..."

How fucking "convenient." I guess I can use this "anywhere."

I enjoy my vape pen. But, mine is a just a boring, old battery that attaches to a vape cartridge. Tah-dah! Yeah, it's ghetto as fuck, because it doesn't have bluetooth-compatible technology that allows me to upload my dabs to the internet, but, so fucking what? The only people that care are, well...lots of them, actually. Dispensary owners, head shop owners, people that own things and owners of businesses. Are you seeing a trend, here? There's a ton of money to be made in the "you can smoke anywhere" market, as e-cig users know all too well. But, guess what else you can smoke anywhere? A blunt. Have we forgotten about the "OH, I THOUGHT IT WAS LEGAL" angle, that literally every white girl in Oregon has in her lipstick case, ready to dispense at any chance encounter with authority? Okay, so maybe you're old, black or just bad with cops, like I am. Well...cops may be cops, but they're not stupid. If you're huddled around a black, metallic straw with no cup, sucking on it and laughing, you're already suspect. There is no need to spend \$300 on something that belongs in a James Bond film. Besides, you're gonna break it or

lose it. Go cheap, go simple or go back to tech school—it's fucking pot, not heart surgery.

## Establish Cannabis Cafés & Lounges

With alcohol legal, there is literally no reason for Oregon and Washington to be without places to consume cannabis in public. Aside from the NW Cannabis Club on S.E. Powell, I cannot think of a single place where weed smoking is legally allowed, outside of my own apartment. We are surrounded by miles upon miles of scenic forests, serene beaches and expansive desert—most of which is under federal control and none of which allows smoking—this makes no sense. However, yeah...I can see the "no open flames anywhere near California" request having some legitimacy to it—especially when some of us aren't too bright. "Shit, I forgot to put out the blunt" are famous last words we don't need to hear on the news.

So, as a solution, I suggest establishing places that are the equivalent of a McMenamins—semi-outdoorsy spots, where you can consume a substance, grab a cheap room and flirt with tattooed waitstaff. Insert here the "alcohol is far worse than cannabis" argument that we've all heard. But, in addition to that, consider the worst-case scenario: if someone has too much to smoke/eat/vape/dab, what's the worst that can happen? Bouncers at McMarijuana's (or, whatever the chain will be called) won't have to worry about breaking up fights—they'll be too busy waking up patrons. Food will sell left and right—with both ends of the health-and-morality food spectrum getting what they want. Vegan, gluten-free, blah blah whatever, white people food? Stoners love it. Deep-fried, fatty, sugar-coated desserts? We love that shit, too. Basically, the O.L.C.C. would just have to add a small portion to their training packet, indicating that "over-serving" can also include ice cream, and bam, you've got your permit for a weed-tender or bud-rista. A cannabis strip club is still a ways out, however, the phrase, "Sir, you must tip at least a dollar per song" has enough airtime, as it currently stands.



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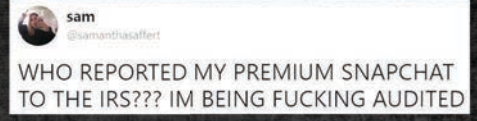
Last April, FOSTA/SESTA was signed into law. On January 1st, the law went into effect (this is why your posts started getting taken down from social media a few weeks ago). FOSTA, the Fight Online Sex Trafficking Act, is the House bill and SESTA, the Stop Enabling Sex Traffickers Act, is the Senate bill. While President Bad Man signed both of these, there is now a bipartisan split between the House and Senate, meaning that both sides are standing together in this decision. This is no longer a “Democrats will fix it” or “Republicans are to blame” scenario—as is usually the case, the strip club industry (and legit sex work as a whole) is being targeted by all sides.

Another pattern we’ve seen—inside and outside of this industry—is the “intentions vs. practice” conundrum. While FOSTA/SESTA are, by definition, supposedly laws designed to “help fight sex trafficking” (which conjures up images of teenage prostitutes being shipped overseas in boxes), in practice, it basically means that your favorite stripper is no longer allowed on Instagram, because half of a nipple was visible in her post about donating all of her shift’s earnings to charity. Or, perhaps, you’re me and you were removed from Facebook for actually defending sex workers (apparently, saying “men who report strippers are trash” is hatespeech). This is happening, because large social media accounts are, according to FOSTA/SESTA, now responsible for *anything* posted on their platform, as well as any consequences. Facebook is simply protecting their own evil, soulless, profit-seeking ass—as any major corporation would. So, on the 1% chance that someone like, say, Elle Stanger—an independent dancer, whose career extends to podcasting, political activism and internet modeling—is being forced into said lifestyle by an anonymous, invisible pimp, then that is seen as a “risk” in regards to promoting “sex trafficking” by Facebook and Instagram. This is equivalent to, say, a cannabis dispensary being held accountable for selling weed to someone who recorded shitty music, which inspired another person to drop out of college, start

a band and go on tour. Then, when that person eventually overdoses on heroin, the cannabis dispensary is held responsible. In fact, there is *more* of a causality between weed stores and the death of Kurt Cobain, than there is between strippers taking selfies and child prostitution.

If FOSTA/SESTA isn’t enough to cause nightmares for sex workers, another ugly meme of last year was #ThotAudit. In short, a non-stripper, basic Becky, regular-ass, hot-girl-on-the-internet, decided to make a joke post on Facebook, asking which one of her followers reported her Snapchat Premium to the I.R.S. In response, incels, misogynists and trolls decided to say, “Hey, this is a great way to attack these chicks” and found out that the I.R.S. actually offers a financial incentive to report tax dodgers. Well, who do you think it ended up affecting the most? That’s right—pornstars, strippers and *professional* sex workers.

Do I support the snitching on of dancers? Fuck. No. But, I’m not gonna front—most gamers cannot stand “Twitch titty streamers” as they’re called—hot, sheltered, preppy bitches from the suburbs who are using video game streaming as a front to show off cleavage in exchange for tips. These are the white rappers of the sex work world (and not in the Eminem or ICP variety—we’re talking Post Malone). So, any argument that #ThotAudit was strictly an attack on “sex workers” is on par with my white ass claiming to be the target of “racism,” because I was told not to drop N-bombs during freestyle raps. And, along that same analogy, the *effect* of banning all N-bombs from freestyle raps everywhere would mean that *actual* members of hip hop and/or black culture would be restricted from using their own slang. Basically, Snapchat Premium thots have put actual sex workers on Front Street, so they can be snitched on and exploited by neckbeards and sexists. In short, lowest-common-denominator theory insists that the worst of the group dictates the rules for the best—take a look at any “-ism,” good or bad, for proof.



So, before I go any further—I am against 98% of the taxes being forced on small businesses and independent contractors. Tax someone with a health plan and 401K, please. However, I also don’t support the co-opting of our industry, from either angle—notice how both the “protect sex workers” and “snitch on sex workers” crowds are promoting the exact same thing, when it comes to the real-life consequences. And, as usual, neither FOSTA Fred or Snapchat Stacy are active members of our industry—their cause or meme-of-the-week is our fucking lifestyle. We’ve watched rap music be stolen by honkies who dabble in rhyming between banjos and cowbells, transgender struggles stolen by narcissistic college kids playing dress-up, weed culture get stolen by vape bros and Star Wars get stolen by social justice hacks. For the love of all things naked and profitable, I will *not* stand by and watch the sex industry get stolen by puritans and misogynists.

In response to the blatant bootlicking on behalf of social media companies like Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat and Tumblr, I encourage all dancers, models and sex workers of any kind, to explore other avenues for promotion and social media. Be warned, however, that many of the “alternative” and/or “free speech” platforms seem to be festering with, well, Nazis and all that shit. So, it’s worth your time to carve out your own niche *now*, before it gets filled up with 4Chan or fauxmenism. MeWe is a great alternative to Facebook. Porn sites, as dark as they may be, are fantastic places to host adult-friendly image galleries. Hell, building your own website is also easy and profitable. Delete your fucking Facebook account, though, unless you absolutely have to use it.

In response to #ThotAudit trolls targeting dancers and cammers with the tax

snitching, say it with me here (and, yes, it hurts—I'm a Libertarian at heart)...Pay. Your. Fucking. Taxes. You don't have to be 100% accurate about shit and you're entitled to a *huge* array of write-offs. Every nickel you spend on makeup, transport to the club, webcam equipment, outfits, etc., can be written off. For instance, I have an LLC that covers this very column, my DJ work and all that. While I took in over \$45,000 last year, a non-shady accountant brought my net income down to \$18,000 or so—running a business is expensive. Still, I paid like \$150 in taxes and I'm in the clear. Hell, in theory, you may have even gone into the red. I'm pretty sure that the camera Hypnox uses costs more than my car. *Miss Exotic Oregon* went through at least \$10,000 in plastic beads. The point is, fucking report your taxes and just write off as much as you can. Yes, misogynist neckbeards may be responsible for the snitching. However, non-stripper, basic bitch Becky, with her Snapchat Premium and Twitch channel, is the reason the trolls and neckbeards got the idea in the first place. Two things in life are certain: death and taxes. And, although Elon Musk is probably going to make the whole "dying" thing a choice, he's still gotta cough up profits to the tax man.

The bottom line is, let's not put a target on our back. We need to stand up for our right to exist *in our own sphere*—outside of the mainstream. I went off about this very thing in this month's *Tales From The DJ Booth*, so you can turn to page 30 for more on this sentiment. But, the main thing I want everyone to take home is clear: this is *not* a basic, two-sided, left-versus-right, 4Chan-versus-Tumblr debate. Our industry is extremely complex and hard to pigeonhole. We need to take ownership of it, before it goes the way of punk rock, stand-up comedy, feminism, weed culture or anything else that was once dangerously fantastic and a threat to the mainstream, but has since been stolen and co-opted by culture vultures.

The logo for 'eroticcity spotlight' features a black silhouette of a person in a suggestive pose to the left of the text. 'eroticcity' is in a bold, lowercase sans-serif font, with 'erotic' in red and 'city' in black. 'spotlight' is in a smaller, lowercase sans-serif font in black.

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PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 1**

**WED 16 - SCARLET LOUNGE  
MARY JANE'S B-DAY BASH**

**FRI 18 - REVEAL LOUNGE  
PORNSTAR RICHELLE RYAN**

**SAT 19 - DESIRE  
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 2**

**SAT 19 - XPOSE  
PORNSTAR RICHELLE RYAN**

**FRI 25 - TOMMY'S TOO  
DAISY DUKE CONTEST**

**FRI 25 - XPOSE  
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 3**

**SAT 26 - STARS CABARET (SALEM)  
PIRATES OF THE CARIBOOTY ROUND 4**

**SAT 26 - DREAM ON SALOON  
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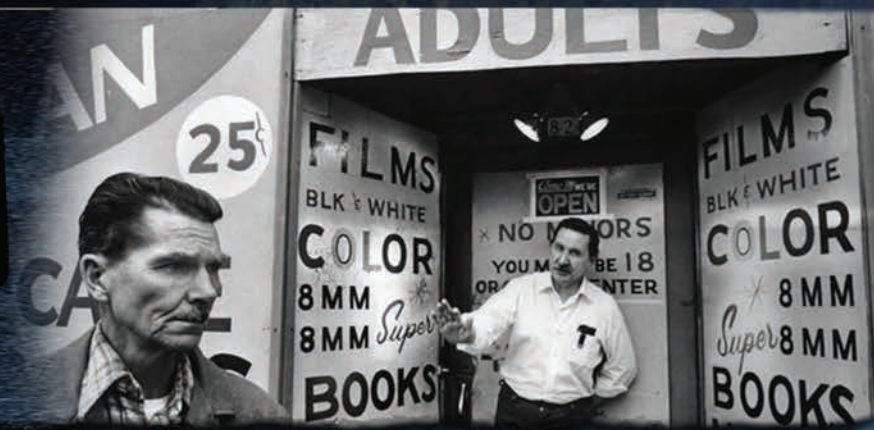
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# TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH BY DJ HAZMATT



## IS MAINSTREAM ACCEPTANCE OF STRIP CLUBS A GOOD THING?

It wasn't always this way.

Strip clubs used to possess the same amount of societal shunning as porn stores—with an unspoken veil draped over the industry, in the form of guarded entrances, minimal-to-no windows and a firm rule against not only cellphones, but internet use as a whole (the idea of opening a laptop in a strip club is one that was traditionally reserved for staff). Bank statements—reflecting purchases made at the club—would list ambiguous D.B.A. names, such as “Smith Enterprises, LLC.” It was even, at one time, commonplace for bouncers, bartenders and dancers to keep conversations with patrons limited, as an added effort to retain anonymity. During my first week as a DJ, a regular saw me at a store and I said, “Oh, hi, Mark,” only to be ignored. He later told me, “Dude, that was my family with me. They can't know I come to places like this.”

Flash forward to the current year, and the DJ is making his hourly announcement, “Cellphones are not allowed at the stage, but if you want to follow your favorite dancer on social media, she has eleven accounts full of sexy photos.” Swinging around the pole is a girl named Brittany, who dances under the name “Brittany” and is openly dating the bouncer, who moonlights as a YouTube star, filmed on location at the couple's home, which was featured on the cover of *Oregon Real Estate Monthly*. A regular, “Bitcoin Joey,” is greeted openly by bartenders, who then inform other patrons that Joey is an overnight millionaire, with a disposable income and no self-control. Then, the camera crew from *Vice* breaks down their shit, packs up the footage and uses it to produce a show featuring the club, as part of a three-episode Netflix series.

We're not exactly the “dark underbelly” that we once were.

With this, comes a level of figurative—and

literal—exposure and openness that is, oddly, not required (to the same degree) of politicians, comedians, actors, musicians or any other high-profile entertainer—if Miley Cyrus has a leaked nude, it ends up in a lawsuit against *RawCelebFab.com* or whoever put it out. But, if a president is even *seen* with a stripper, it takes up headlines for a term and a half. And, yes, politics is entertainment and nothing more—still, even the reality show host running the country considers interactions with a stripper to be private and of no concern to the public (even though said chapter of *Trump Goes To Washington* was one of the most entertaining).

While the stigma surrounding stripping—especially in Portland—is all but gone, attacks against sex workers as a whole are getting worse by the day. Instagram, Facebook, Twitter and even Craigslist (“Ten bikes for sale... still hot...each comes with two guns and a pile of copper wire...”) are taking down sex worker accounts in droves. The #ThotAudit fiasco (see this month's *Erotic City* for more info on that) has added to this problem for obvious reasons. And, with any high-profile claim of oppression, the hangers-on and self-identifiers (i.e. Twitch streamers) have aligned themselves as “part of the sex industry” (they're not), creating even more room for non-representative dipshits to make our industry look bad in the eyes of larger society. While SESTA/FOSTA becomes law this month (which is a terribly bad thing wrapped in good intentions, Google it), social media accounts inhabited by bratty rich girls—who have never been naked outside of their bedroom (let alone worked at a club)—are the focus of any news article dealing with attacks on “sex workers.”

Here's why I'm worried about “mainstream” acceptance of stripping: the double-edged sword of the spotlight is a sharp one. With a magnifying glass comes not only amplifica-

tion, but, well...you can roast bugs with one of those on a hot day. Societal scrutiny (and, yes, this includes both stigma *and* glorification) is not our friend. We are a self-policed environment that has, arguably, done a better job of protecting the safety of marginalized groups, reducing acts of sexual violence, promoting gender equality and generally being “progressive” in practice, than any columnist at *Buzzfeed* or barista with a Snapchat Premium could ever hope for. However, we are *not* “leftist” by definition—we don't want taxes, we value self-expression (and, free speech) over anything else, we acknowledge that biological differences exist in the sexes (read: sexes, not genders), and most importantly, we are big fans of free-market capitalism—literally, “tips and tips alone,” as the DJ says.

The mainstream has a hard time putting things in a box when they don't come in easy-to-fit shapes. For instance, my YouTube suggested video feed is a fantastic dumpster fire—from far-left clickbait, to alt-right hatespeech. I agree with roughly 0% of what is fed to me via the algorithms, but it is still my job to keep tabs on what the rest of the world thinks of our industry, so I digest opinions from all sides. And, from this, I've learned that the general, mainstream attitudes toward our industry are fucked.

On one side, you have the standard, puritan bullshit, coming from alt-right traditionalists who think that women belong in the kitchen, churning out babies and sandwiches, while their husband does push-ups and argues about immigration with “libtards” on Facebook. Why, then, were members of Patriot Prayer spotted at more than one strip club, during their recent Portland visit? I mean, that seems a little odd...to be spouting about how Jesus hates sodomites, before watching a naked girl do a bondage set to a Marilyn Manson song. You'd be stunned

at how many “keep ‘Murica white and Christian” types will shell out racks upon racks for a black girl (with a big rack), while listening to “Rack City”—as it should be. But, it’s not very “alt-right” of them, now is it?

On the other side, you have the “everything is a social construct” alt-left cult, (who, for some reason, is adamantly opposed to the idea of cultural appropriation, while *at the same time* adopting, co-opting, infiltrating and destroying things that were neither created by, nor catered to, them), who awaits a massive triggering upon entering a strip club. The progressive fetish for social constructs is the only kink that doesn’t grace the stage on a busy night. “You can be beautiful at any size, shape and age, according to this plus-sized pole dancer, who has been stripping for less than a week” is a fantastic tag line for an MTV Decoded segment. But, reality is gonna crash down hard, when that same 4’12”, oval-shaped woman with a mustache, “FUKC THE FASH” face tattoos and green pubic hair attempts to woo a tipping audience comprised of Japanese businessmen and pornstar scouts. Again, I’m in no way attacking the idea of finding beauty in the non-traditional: I’m just saying that 95% of our customer base is drawn to the 5% of women who deserve to have money thrown at them for being naked. I can hear the keyboards clicking now, but rest assured, I’ve already received the 30-day Facebook ban for saying shit like this, but it still hasn’t made me want to sleep with someone who is typically described as “brave” while naked. Besides, you’ll never see me waving my six inches of average and Del Taco gut on stage at a male revue, so I’m speaking *for* the should-stay-clothed demographic—not against them.

Back to the lecture at hand. There is no political lean to our industry—we are one of the outliers, similar to Green Party folks or Libertarians, but with fewer guns, more weed and an actual understanding of what we believe in. We are not “leftist,” because, well, capitalism, toxic masculinity, rape culture, cultural appropriation, alcohol, consent, “that song is about sexual assault,” etc. And, we’re definitely not “right-wing,” because, well, naked tits and married, Pagan, lesbian mothers. If anything, we’re capitalists, inventors and advocates for the free market—Portland, especially, could open the most bizarrely specific club, say, one that only serves kale and is shaped like a sphere, and it would fill up at noon on a Tuesday, if the target demographic knew about it. But, could you imagine how well a socialist strip club, one that “challenges traditional standards of beauty, the patriarchy and capitalism,” would fly? “Okay, dancers. Inshapia Centerfoldite made \$500 and the rest of you each made \$60. So, you’re all

going home with \$104! Yay!!!” And, with that, Inshapia decided to stop stripping at Comrade’s Castle and seek employment elsewhere.

What am I getting at? Well, I’m worried that our industry—a niche segment of the larger “sex industry” umbrella—will soon go the way of video games, science fiction, music and anything else that the mainstream can get its hands on: it will become politicized, labeled, boxed up and repackaged. In other words, it will be destroyed. Whether this happens at the hands of the alt-right or radical left is irrelevant.

So, how do we stop this? Let’s make strip clubs shady again. No, I don’t mean “shady” as in, drug deals, constant loops of Puddle Of Mudd on the jukebox, sticky floors and an “employees chain smoke after we close” smell. What I mean, is classy, upscale, safe clubs...that *appear* to be dark corners of the inaccessible underground. There is a fine line between “Strip clubs are gutters for pornographers and scum” and “Hey, see if Grandma has a favorite dancer and we’ll take the whole pottery class with us.” An influx of new customers is not always a good thing—ask any dancer or DJ who has to *constantly* remind customers to tip, put away their phones and, well, act like they’re in a strip club. The last five or six times I’ve hosted at a strip club (as in, exceed), I’ve received an audience complaint from a first-timer, who wasn’t listening or didn’t get the dancer’s set. Last month, I had to inform a PSU student that “Caucasians” were not a type of Asian, and that I was not making fun of the Japanese, by drawing attention to my own white lack of style. The following week, an audience member at the *Miss Exotic Oregon* finals informed me that a dancer was “appropriating brown people culture.” Yes, before you guess...the dancer was brown, just not “brown enough,” I guess? I can promise you that none of these folks has ever been to a strip club before last year, nor will they likely return. But, as is protocol, they make the biggest stink and leave the biggest dent on Yelp.

Most controversy these days has one thing in common: the violation of boundaries. And, ironically, this is where most sides of the political shitstorm can agree. #MeToo is about women who were afraid to speak up about their boundaries being violated, due to social pressure (boundaries). Then, the subsequent backlash brought up the boundaries of those who were doxxed or harassed, immediately upon being accused. #GamerGate arose due to the boundaries of female game developers and fans being disrespected with sexism via online (no boundaries) harassment, while the gamers themselves felt as if their own

subculture (i.e. their boundaries) were being violated, by an influx of opportunistic, “lifetime gamers” (quotes emphasized) with Patreon accounts. The pattern continues with every hashtag: one group feels violated, so they violate another group in return—one that is often the target of misdirected anger. Then, the target group responds with backlash, and the circle of boundary-violation and outrage continues.

What does this have to do with stripping? Well, in any industry where a fully naked human being is performing sexually suggestive dances, mere inches away from an intoxicated and aroused person, you’re gonna need some tight (but, thin) boundaries. And, speaking of “tight (but, thin),” if we keep letting outsiders in, that phrase will soon become some sort of “shaming line” used against [*insert Orwellian substitute for “unattractive” here*], to keep [*insert marginalized group here*] down. That, or some neo-nazis disguised as historians will insist that Portland keep an “Old Portland” (i.e. white) vibe. Clubs will respond, by hiring “non-traditional body types” and/or girls who danced at Mary’s in the ‘70s and the customer base will slowly dwindle away, leaving only the outraged fringe and their five bucks to fuel the clubs. Once this outrage fringe moves on to their next target, the clubs will become ghost towns. If you don’t think this is a real possibility, give it time. This article will either age like Nostradamus or Madonna, but it’s gonna be one of the two. This happens from all sides, with the left and the right both agreeing that it is more important to destroy something they don’t understand, than it is to accept diversity and tradition. Oh, what a bittersweet pill that is.

So, the solution is simple: we need to build a wall. Okay, wait...let me rephrase that. We need to build a fence or two—around the smoking patios, the entryways, journalists from the weekly paper, Reed College transfer students, angry, religious bigots from out of state, bitter fauxmenist bloggers from the internet, “I think I wanna try stripping” strippers, “Yo, check out my sick skills” DJs, pole dance instructors who have never been naked and anyone whose dietary needs determine their identity. Like, just ball up everyone in your Facebook feed that makes you pissed off and ban them from our industry.

I used to think that strip clubs and politics went together. Then, I went to the State Capitol building in an attempt to do something about the broken windows and rusty nails. In return, we were given new taxes. The system is fucked. Let’s remain outside of it. We *will* go quietly into the night, as is our duty.

**EXOTIC**  
PINUP JANUARY  
**2019**





*Featuring*

*Taeya*

*Miss Exotic Oregon 2019*  
*From Guilty Pleasures*



PUSSYFOOT  
PITT

# Mr. & Mrs. Pussyfoot

JAZMYN  
JOLIE





FRI JAN 11 - SCARLET LOUNGE - CARIBOOTS ROUND 1 WED JAN 16 - SCARLET LOUNGE - MARY JANE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY  
FRI JAN 18 - THE NILE (EUGENE) - AN EVENING WITH DJ PUSSYFOOT & FRIENDS SAT JAN 19 - DESIRE - CARIBOOTS ROUND 2  
FRI JAN 25 - XPOSE - CARIBOOTS ROUND 3 SAT JAN 26 - STARS CABARET (SALEM) CARIBOOTS ROUND 4  
THU JAN 31 - GUILTY PLEASURES - CARIBOOTS FINALS SUN FEB 3 - GUILTY PLEASURES - STRIPPER BOWL

F50  **VIDA** creative   **exotic**



THE MONTHLY

# COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

## NEW YEAR'S TRADITIONS AROUND THE GLOBE

When we think of the New Year's Day celebration, we generally turn our thoughts toward drunken carousing and fireworks... or, possibly, grandiose ceremonies in New York's Times Square, involving the lowering of a colossal sphere, to the drone of well-paid pseudo-celebrities' cheerful banter. This is the custom in these here United States. But, in other countries, everyone has their own traditions—some of which date back to antiquity.

The following is a neatly ordered, quasi-alphabetical list of some of the traditions found in other parts of the world. Read and learn what curious customs you could possibly observe, next time the planet spins another 365 days—presuming you remember. In fact, to ensure that you do indeed remember, you should really cut this article out of this month's *Exotic* and tack it to the wall in front of your toilet, so that you don't forget, twelve months hence.

Afghanistan – As the New Year rings in, Af-

ghanis drink a rich cocktail of fermented goat milk, as this is supposed to ward off evil spirits and PGMs. Additionally, it gets you mighty drunk, but also tastes mighty goaty.

American Samoa – Watching the latest movie starring Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson is supposed to bring good fortune.

Argentina – Talking shit about the British and deciding how to further impress upon the world that the Falkland Islands belong to Argentina (even though they don't and Argentina lost a war over this) is a year-round activity, but burning effigies of Margaret Thatcher is a solid New Year-only activity, said to bring wealth.

Australia – It's said to be the one day a year that a boomerang will not return to the thrower. Also, seeing a wombat on this day is supposed to bring good luck and ward off evil spirits.

Bahrain – They put up pictures of Michael Jackson on their doors. It is supposed to ward off child molesters and evil spirits.

Belgium – They do not celebrate New Year's, but they do enjoy riotous festivities on noted comic book hero Tintin's birthday on the 10<sup>th</sup> of January.

Brazil – The people of Brazil ritually crouch and hit punch repeatedly to electrify the air around them. It is said to ward off evil spirits.

Canada – The New Year's beaver toss is a grand event, second only to the Christmas beaver toss, a week prior. It's said to ward off evil spirits.

Chad – They clown on virgins from neighboring Cameroon. This is supposed to bring good fortune.

China – The Chinese wear their underpants inside-out and drape fake money from the "suicide nets" surrounding their workplaces. This is said to prevent ill fortune.

Christmas Island – Their deal has been over for a week. They're sleeping.

Colombia – Festive candies, in the shape of a human nose, are passed out. This is supposed to ward off narcos.

Congo – They leave food on their doorsteps, for the terrible man-eating apes which populate the Congo. This is supposed to ward off evil spirits, who take the form of man-eating apes.

Cuba – Anyone caught not in line to receive their year's supply of good fortune will be forced to stand in line for a year's supply of evil spirits.

Denmark – They hurl Legos™ high into the air, to bring good fortune.

Dominican Republic – They make fun of Haiti, for good luck.

Egypt – There is many a sacrifice to Amun-Ra, the King Of Gods, though my information may be a tad old on this.

Estonia – They eat seven meals for New Year's. The idea being that if they eat seven meals, they'll have a prosperous year. No word on what all-you-can-eat buffets count as.

Finland – They do something ridiculous, I'm sure. It may or may not have to do with fortune or evil spirits, and—what? They melt tin and drop it into a bucket of water, to see if the shape predicts good luck? Seriously? Finns...

France – They go on strike. To demand fewer evil spirits.

Germany – They throw their silverware onto the floor and count how long they can stand the disarray, before picking it up, polishing it and putting it back.

Greece – Anal sex. To ward off evil lack of anal sex.

Grenada – They beat each other with socks full of raw nutmegs, for really no good reason. I don't even think they bothered to say "evil spirits."

Haiti – They perform voodoo rituals to ward off evil spirits, bring good fortune, add to their luck and preferably fuck over the people from the Dominican Republic, somehow.

Iceland – I forgot to research Iceland, but I'm pretty sure something's getting pickled.

India – They challenge Ganesha to a fist fight and that motherfucker has four arms

and holds a tusk broken off from his elephant head in one of them. It's for good fortune.

Iran – They wanted a joyless theocracy and they got one. They do nothing.

Iraq – They jeer Iran and set off fireworks.

Ireland – They break out whiskey that tastes like fireworks, smells like good fortune and...wards off evil spirits?

Israel – Coming soon: Hanukkah II!

Italy – They make a special pasta that wards off good luck. They didn't initially mean to do it that way, but now it's a tradition, and Italians will be *damned*, if they don't uphold a tradition.

Japan – They ring every bell in the country 108 times. Yes, one hundred and eight times. The belief is that this brings cleanliness and wards off evil spirits.

Kenya – Running. Also, more running...presumably from evil spirits.

Latvia – Celebration of Dr. Doom's birthday.

Malta – Celebratory falconry.

Mexico – They blow up a cactus. Because, this is Mexico and shit's *real*.

Mongolia – Throat singing. For good fortune.

Myanmar (Burma) – This Myanmar/Burma joke cannot be told, as it is a violation of FOSTA/SESTA.

Nepal – After thousands of years, the renowned *sherpas* of Nepal lead the also-renowned debt collectors of Nepal, up the highest, most dangerous mountains, in order to try and get five bucks in beer money back from the infamous Yeti.

New Zealand – Wait, there's a *new* Zealand now?

North Korea – All citizens must receive a New Year Celebration Stamp on their

wrists, which certifies that they are happy and prosperous. Dying of hunger, in line for the stamp, moves your corpse to the back of the line.

Oman – Oh, man. They ward off some *serious* evil spirits. Confusingly, it's with a melon baller.

Panama – Until very recently, they burned effigies of George H. W. Bush, but now they're just kinda mopey.

Papua New Guinea – They eat the traditional New Year's dish, long pork, and pray to the gods to avoid *kuru*.



Peru – This one's not even a joke. They, quite literally, get in fist fights with one another, so that they might start the New Year with a clean slate.

Philippines – They eat only round things, under the assumption that this brings wealth. I'm onboard.

Poland – Eat only square things, under the assumption that this brings wealth. They are considering war against the Philippines.

Puerto Rico – They throw buckets of water out the windows as midnight tolls. Yep, you guessed it, to ward off evil spirits.

Romania – Having had Dracula as a government figure once, they hope evil spirits just kinda keep working out for them.

Russia – Vodka and grain spirits to provide fortune and keep evil spirits away.

Oh, they also get naked and throw tree trunks into frozen lakes, while holding onto them.

Saudi Arabia – Translations were unclear, but I'm pretty sure someone's getting be-headed.

Slovenia – Life is life. Life remains life.

South Africa – They throw old furniture out the window. Not for any particular reason, either. Want a chair, slightly used? **TOO BAD, HERE COMES A CHAIR!**

Spain – Okay, what the fuck, Spain? If you can eat 12 grapes at once, while midnight chimes, you'll have good luck.

Sweden – The meatball toss gets out of hand for the, 622<sup>nd</sup> year in a row.

Switzerland – They drop ice cream on the floor. Yep. No foolin'. That's the Swiss idea of cutting loose. **YOU MAD-MEN!**

Turkey – The Turks consume 6 bowls of breakfast cereal, to bring good fortune.

United Kingdom – They used to have fireworks, but that's now illegal. Now, I think they file for a celebration license, drink a decent lager and cry while watching soccer.

Vatican City – Jus' popin' it.

Zimbabwe – They have a vote on what the party will be like every year, and then somehow, all the votes decide on fireworks, even though most of the people voted for a giant feast.

Happy New Year...and watch out for evil spirits.

*Wombstretcha* The Magnificent is a public transit pornographer, Chapstick thief, international man of cheese, owner of one of those bug zappers that's like a tennis racket, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at [Wombstretcha.com](http://Wombstretcha.com), on Twitter as [@Wombstretcha503](https://twitter.com/Wombstretcha503) and on MeWe by name.

# STRIP CLUBS

**ACROPOLIS** 1 FOOD LOTTERY  
8325 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 231-9611  
Daily 10:30am-2:30am

**BOTTOMS UP!** 5 FOOD LOTTERY  
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844  
Daily 12pm-2:30am

**CABARET** 7 FOOD LOTTERY  
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**CLUB 205** 56 FOOD LOTTERY  
9939 SE Stark St | (503) 256-0527  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**CLUB ROUGE** 40 FOOD LOTTERY  
403 SW Harvey Milk St | (503) 227-3936  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

**CLUB SINROCK** 23 FOOD LOTTERY  
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**COLUMBIA STRIP** 32 FOOD LOTTERY  
605 N Columbia Blvd | (503) 289-1351  
Daily 11am-1:30am

**DANCIN' BARE** 11 FOOD LOTTERY  
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073  
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

**DESIRE** 18 FOOD LOTTERY  
535 NE Columbia Blvd | (971) 339-2198  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

**DEVILS POINT** 12 FOOD LOTTERY  
5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**DREAM ON SALOON** 16 FOOD LOTTERY  
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765  
Daily 11am-2am

**DV8** 17 FOOD LOTTERY  
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178  
Daily 2pm-2:15am

**THE GOLD CLUB** 72 FOOD LOTTERY  
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177  
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

**GRIND GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 65 FOOD LOTTERY  
15826 SE Division St | (503) 206-4851  
Daily 2pm-2am

**GUILTY PLEASURES** 28 FOOD LOTTERY  
13639 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 760-8128  
Daily 1:30pm-2:30am

**HAWTHORNE STRIP** 19 FOOD LOTTERY  
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**KIT KAT CLUB** 69 FOOD LOTTERY  
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229  
Daily 5pm-2:30am

**LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE** 47 FOOD LOTTERY  
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**MARY'S CLUB** 25 FOOD LOTTERY  
129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023  
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

**MIKE BRASS'S THE MAIN ATTRACTION** 15 FOOD  
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248  
Wed-Thu 6pm-4am,  
Fri-Sun 6pm- When The Party's Over

**PIRATE'S COVE** 29 FOOD LOTTERY  
7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900  
Daily 2pm-2:30am

**REVEAL LOUNGE** 4 FOOD LOTTERY  
8345 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 477-6628  
Daily 2pm-2am

**RIVERSIDE CORRAL** 31 FOOD LOTTERY  
545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813  
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

**ROSE CITY STRIP** 10 FOOD LOTTERY  
3620 SE 35th Pl | (503) 760-8128  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

**THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 55 FOOD LOTTERY  
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086  
Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,  
Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am

**SCARLET LOUNGE** 60 FOOD LOTTERY  
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318  
Daily 11am-2:30am

**SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 40 FOOD LOTTERY  
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 21 FOOD  
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771  
Sun-Thu 11am-2am, Fri-Sat 11am-1am

**SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 49 FOOD LOTTERY  
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646  
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

**STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT** 50 FOOD  
17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403  
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

**THE SUNSET STRIP** 37 FOOD LOTTERY  
10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466  
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,  
Sun 5pm-2:30am

**TOMMY'S TOO** 39 FOOD  
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238  
Daily 10am-2am

**THE VENUE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB** 52 FOOD LOTTERY  
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523  
Daily 10am-2:30am

**THE WHISKEY CLUB** 24  
818 SW 1st Ave | TBD  
Mon-Sat 6pm-2:30am

**WHISPERS** 67  
8102 NE Killingsworth St | (971) 255-1039  
Daily 11am-3am

**XPOSE** 70 FOOD LOTTERY  
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364  
Daily 3pm-2:30am

# EVERYTHING ELSE

**ADAM & EVE** 121  
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604  
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,  
Sun 12pm-6pm

**ALL ADULT SUPER SHOP** 103  
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004  
Daily 24 hours

**ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO** 105  
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446  
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

**CINDIE'S** 109  
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979  
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm

**EYE CANDY FASHIONS** 171  
19255 E Burnside St | (503) 665-8222  
Tue-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun-Mon By Appointment

**FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5)** 180  
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969  
Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969  
Daily 10am-3am

10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy  
(503) 235-6969  
Daily 10am-10pm

15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969  
Daily 10am-Midnight

6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969  
Daily 24 hours

**FANTASYLAND (2)** 116  
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094  
Daily 24 hours

16016 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667  
Daily 24 hours

**FAT COBRA VIDEO** 118  
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)  
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

**FSO** 147  
833 SE Main St #232 | (503) 490-6985  
Tue-Sat 12pm-6pm

**HEAD EAST** 164  
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777  
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

**HOT BOX** 157  
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057  
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

**LIBERATED WORLD** 123  
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881  
Daily 24 hours

**MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2)** 162  
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645  
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624  
Daily 24 hours

**OREGON THEATER** 127  
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469  
Daily from 12pm

**PARADISE ADULT SUPERSTORE** 128  
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414  
Daily 24 hours

**PASSIONATE DREAMS** 130  
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665  
Daily 10am-4am

**PEEP HOLE** 131  
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617  
Daily 24 hours

**PINK KITTYS** 172  
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300  
Daily 24 hours

**PUSSYCATS** 134  
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794  
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133  
5141 SW Beaverton Hillsdale Hwy | (503) 245-4393

**SECRET RENDEZVOUS** 136  
10518-B NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 279-2940  
Daily 24 hours

**SHEENA'S G SPOT** 137  
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111  
Daily 24 hours

**SILVER SPOON** 139  
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489  
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm, Sun 11am-5pm

**SPARTACUS LEATHERS** 141  
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604  
Sun-Thu 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am

**SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE** 163  
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090  
Daily 24 hours

**TABOO VIDEO (4)** 144  
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443  
Mon-Wed 11am-1am, Thu-Sat 11am-3am,  
Sun 12pm-12am  
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678  
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033  
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126  
Daily 24 hours

**TORCHED ILLUSIONS** 149  
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310  
Daily 6am-12am

**TORCHED ILLUSIONS II** 169  
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140  
Daily 11am-10pm

**THE VELVET ROPE** 101  
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064  
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,  
Sun 8pm-2am

# DISPENSARIES

**MARIJUANA PARADISE** 6  
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462  
Daily 10am-8pm

**NECTAR - NE SANDY** B  
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

**NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI** D  
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818  
Daily 10am-11pm

**NECTAR - SW PORTLAND** E  
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800  
Daily 10am-11pm



17544 SE STARK ST  
503-252-3529



403 SW HARVEY MILK ST  
503-227-3936



12035 NE GLISAN ST  
503-889-0332



15920 SE STARK ST  
503-253-8765



15826 SE DIVISION ST  
503-206-4851



3532 SE POWELL BLVD  
503-232-9516



231 SW ANKENY ST  
503-208-3229



8345 SW BARBUR BLVD  
503-477-6628



5021 SE POWELL BLVD  
503-772-2907



33 NW 2ND ST  
503-243-4646



17939 SW MCEWAN RD  
503-726-2403



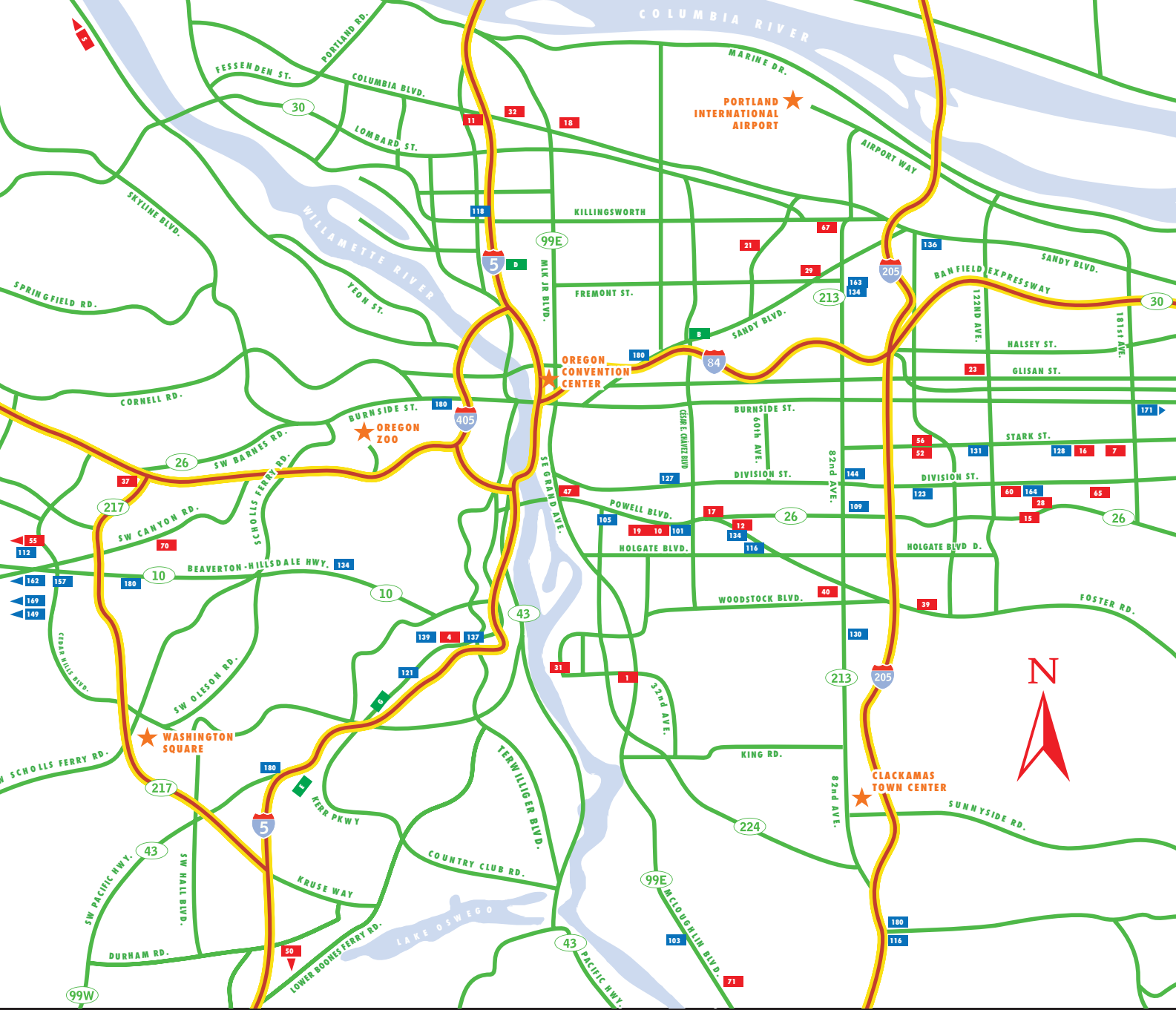
9939 SE STARK ST  
503-256-0527



9950 SE STARK ST  
503-477-9523



10140 SW CANYON RD  
503-430-5364



# DOWNTOWN PORTLAND









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## NEW YEAR'S RECONSIDERED

BY ESMERALDA RUPP-SPANGLE

The new year is upon us again, and with the close of 2018, it's worth reconsidering our annual traditions built around this celebration. Times are changing faster than we feel like we can keep up with, sometimes. These days, an uninvited, midnight ass grab could cost you your livelihood, and watching the ball drop in Times Square seems as tired as a stoner after a cheesesteak. Presented here, for your consideration, are some ideas to update our reveries, and in some cases, to bring back ones that have unfortunately and unjustly fallen by the wayside.

In ancient Babylonia, the celebration of the new year was called Akitu. For Mesopotamians of the day, this meant parading graven images of their gods through the streets and generally creating a ruckus for several days. This was all topped off with a traditional humiliation of their king, who was dragged before a statue of the god Marduk, forced to proclaim that he was indeed qualified to be king, stripped of his royal regalia and smacked on the ears by a priest—with the intent of making him cry. If he was brought to tears, it was seen as a good omen and a sign that Marduk was satisfied with the performance of the monarch. Forcing our leaders to do the same would not only provide an extraordinary spectacle, but also raise national morale considerably. We should absolutely, and without question, put this one on the “yes” pile.

The turn of the annual clock has often been marked with fireworks displays. These are fun for children, but for those of us who are jaded and difficult-to-impress adults, a grander exhibit of destruction is called for. Keeping with the theme of “things exploding,” every city should partition a space for people to gather and bring all the electronic office devices that have caused them distress over the last year—and heap everything into a pile all together. Attendees can

then take the complimentary wads of high explosives, assault rifles or cans of gasoline, and collectively, they can create a firework with a purpose. This would be more productive, more entertaining and would really do a lot to bring people together. We may not be able to agree on which entitled monster to elect, but we can all agree that printers have a personal vendetta against humanity.

Resolutions are just a way to make ourselves aware of our own weakness as humans. Has anyone actually ever managed to give up drinking or take up exercising regularly, simply because we've rotated around the sun again? We set ourselves up for failure by creating unrealistic goals like “not puking in an Uber this year” or “only peeing in bathrooms.” Let us consider the possibility of the anti-resolution. That is, the cultivation of a new bad habit to mark the calendar's change. Take up cocaine, intoxicated knife throwing or watching the news. This year, I'm planning on making unwanted advances on uninterested parties, at *least* once a month.

Another oldie-but-goodie is the ancient Egyptian “Festival Of Drunkenness.” This came about due to the religious belief, that when the goddess of war, Sekhmet, had come to destroy humanity, the sun god, Ra, had told her he had a whole mess of human blood for her. She drank it, naturally—what else would you do with human blood, after all? Her plans were foiled though, when she passed out cold, because it was actually just beer that he'd dyed red. Presumably, her hangover was bad enough that she didn't try again the next day, either. The celebration involved everyone drinking to the point of unconsciousness. Everyone, that is, except for a few lucky souls, who got to walk through the streets banging drums, to wake up passed out revelers and send them on their way—which must have been in-

credibly fun. This is pretty much what we do already, minus the drums and the re-introduction of this hysterically invasive aspect will create hundreds of the most entertaining YouTube videos you've ever seen.

Kissing your beloved at midnight has been a longstanding sign of good fortune for your relationship in the year to come. Times change, though—and, as we move to a more disconnected, internet-driven, electronic-based existence, many of us find ourselves spending the holiday alone, desperate and horny. That's why you should consider replacing this stodgy, outmoded tradition with sending a midnight nude to everyone on your social media that you find remotely desirable. You may wake up the next day to a slough of horrified and angry replies, but social change only comes through agitation and vociferous commitment. Keep at it.

New Years always seems a little forced. We're already exhausted and overstimulated after the over-indulgences of Thanksgiving and (*your observed winter holiday here*). It can be slightly depressing, anticlimactic and empty. There's not much that can represent this feeling more accurately than having an orgasm (or a few orgasms). Now, bear with me here...everyone reaches a point, where enough is enough. You don't want more, you don't need more—but, you force out another one all the same. What I'm trying to say, is spend New Year's masturbating until it hurts, because that's effectively what we're doing anyway.

*Esmeralda Rupp-Spangle is an aspiring demagogue, bottom-shelf liquor connoisseur and avid conspiracy theorist. She can be found on the Facebook machine by name or staring vacantly at the sky, outside the convenience store at 3am.*

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# HOW TO TAKE YOUR BARTENDER HOME

*By Miss Tini*

A couple of years ago, I was hooking up regularly with a guy I had met while working behind the bar. Like your usual hookups that start that way in Portland, it eventually fizzled out. True romance, in this town, is more elusive than affordable rent. When I was giving him his walking papers, he made a comment that, "at least (he) can cross taking home the bartender off (his) bucket list." He described it as a "million-to-one shot." I was instantly disgusted (as well as annoyed), to be on some sort of sexual conquest list. Why the hell would taking home the sad sack, serving you a cheap beer in a dank bar, be an object of desire? Somehow, the bartender is seen as the life of the party—the geisha, the host...the center of everyone's attention. We have something you desperately want and we control whether or not you get it. Everyone wants to be friends with the bartender—they want them to like them. Some even want to fuck us, because of this. Apparently, it's a *thing*. If it happens to be your particular

thing, you're about to get the keys to the kingdom—I'm going to tell you how to successfully bang your bartender.

## What Not To Do

### Rule #1: Don't Hit On The Bartender—Ever

That sounds counter-intuitive for most of you, but it is law (or, it should be). Never blatantly hit on your bartender. This goes for male or female bartenders—all of us hate it, equally. Every bartender, female, male, gay, straight, in between, anything else...HATES BEING HIT ON. If any bartender tells you that they like it, then they've probably been bartending for about two weeks. Don't do it while they're working, don't do it if you run into them at another bar on their off time, don't do it if you see them at the gym...don't do it, ever. The minute you hit on the bartender, they will never trust you again. Remember, when we are serving you drinks, we are

*working*. We are getting paid to do a job. Our job is just like yours. We don't want to be there. It's not a party. We stay sober (in Oregon, at least), while you get to hang out and have drinks. We are on our 3rd or 4th cup of crappy black coffee, listening to drunk talk, while we'd rather be anywhere else. We have work to do, and part of that work is serving and talking to you. We also have to deal with very intoxicated people, angry people, people who are drinking because they are having a very bad day...it's really hard not to absorb that negative energy. In addition to all that, bartending is gross. Below the eye-level of that wooden bar top are filthy floors, clogged sinks, dirty dishes and fruit flies. We aren't even thinking about sexy scenarios. We are digging out used napkins shoved in a dirty glass with a wad of gum stuck to the side—with our bare fingers. In many ways, it's the least sexy place a person can think of. If you just shoot your shot and ask for our phone number or to "hang out sometime," we will never trust



you again. We will also make fun of you—unabashedly. The entire staff will know, as well as a good portion of the regulars. It's awkward and embarrassing for everyone involved—especially you. Don't do it.

### Don't Use The Internet In Any Way

If you see your bartender on Tinder, Grindr or any other crappy dating site, don't swipe right. If you manage to be one of the few, select regulars we friend on Facebook, don't be a creep. No "pokes," no weird "likes" on profile pics from years back, no creepy comments. Don't message us when you're drunk. You MAY message us to ask specific questions about the bar, such as, "Hey! Is the bar open on Christmas this year?" Never, "Hey! What are you doing after you get off work?" Consider any access to your bartender a privilege. Think of it as a work relationship. You wouldn't send suggestive messages to your work colleague (hopefully)—same with your bartender. You are in a business relationship. We exchange goods for services. Treat it as such.

### What To Do

#### Be A Damned Good Drunk

Step one to getting the bartender to like you is to figure out how to drink. Come in, have a few drinks, don't get wasted and tip nicely. Never be too intoxicated. We want to be glad to see you walk in the door.

Have a usual drink, that we can memorize and get for you quickly. Be a polite, easy person to talk to. Bonus points if you can make us laugh. Don't be high maintenance and don't bother other patrons. What is considered "high-maintenance?" If you need attention, constantly. If you're yelling at my back, while I'm ringing things up in the register or helping someone else. If you're shouting at me every time I walk past you. If you're interrupting when I'm talking to someone else. This makes you a difficult patron—one we dread. If you feel yourself getting a little too tipsy, excuse yourself and go home or go to the next bar—whatever bar you don't want to sleep with someone at. Often times, we know WAY too much about the people sitting at the bar, who we serve drinks to. Their job drama, relationship problems, money issues, etc. There's something sexy about quiet dignity and enigma. We don't get that very often and its those people that are the most intriguing. Smile. Be in a good mood. If you're having a bad day, pick a different bar.

#### Come In Alone

If you're really serious about hooking up with the bartender of your affection, come in alone—always. You can't trust that your drinking buddies won't be annoying, get too drunk, say something unsavory, tip poorly or generally all-around suck while there. If they do any of the



above, we will forever attach that crap behavior onto you. Birds of a feather—if your buddies suck, you suck. This is a risk you can't be willing to take. Same with bringing in a date. Even if they are smoking hot, it will not make you look any better. You won't make us jealous or make us want you more. If your date is high maintenance, a poor tipper or an all-around-shitty person, we'll assume you're petty. If your date is really sweet, we'll be happy for you and stop looking at you. Your mission to bang the bartender is a solo one. Come in, sit at the bar and keep to yourself. Also, ditch the book—it's cliché and looks pretentious. You're not a Rhodes Scholar. You came to drink.

#### Don't Demand Attention

The worst customer is the one who won't let you work. The one, that every time you're in their proximity, they are trying to have a one-sided conversation. I don't want to avoid walking by you. I have a job to do, and maybe even if I thought you were attractive, I have to do shit. I don't want to make my co-worker go serve you because you are annoying as hell. No one wants to hang out with the alpha—I mean, not really. Many people confuse confidence with arrogance or egotistical tendencies. The latter are very unattractive. Don't be that guy. Don't be the dude whipping out the acoustic guitar at a party. Don't be the girl who has Photoshopped herself to hell and back on Instagram, for invisible internet points. Just be a real person. All we do is deal with people. If you are fake, in any way, we will see right through it. If you play your cards right, I'll come to you to chat. You'll be the person I come to talk to, when everyone else sucks. You'll be the one I come to hang out with, when no one else needs





a drink. When I do come hang with you, have normal things to talk about—things like work, your pets, light anecdotes, good food you ate recently, travel plans, etc. Skip the awkward sex stories, drug benders and dudes you almost fought. Keep your volume at an inside-voice level and don't feel the need to command the room to be the center of attention. Don't stare. Creeps stare at the bartender and we notice. We can feel those needy, thirsty eyes on us and it's not a good feeling. If you don't need a drink or food, there is no need for eye contact. We want to view you as "cool." Not the coolest person in the room—just chill. That means no problems, with a slight air of intrigue. Leave us wanting more.

### **Earn Trust**

Good regulars get a lot of special treatment. It's in your best interest to become one. Regulars enjoy free drinks, special privileges, drinks served before others, loyalty, and the ultimate, a VIP pass to possibly drink after-hours somewhere. Our regulars keep the lights on for our businesses, pay our bills and become our friends. As a bartender, I've shared

holiday meals with regulars, had them help me move, shared birthdays, dinner parties, gotten rides and even been a pet sitter for them. I have a select few regulars that I'll even call and hang out with on off nights, once in a while. Very few people make this cut. The barrier of the bar, between customer and the one tending it, is as physical as it is metaphorical. Bartenders are people too, and we do make real friends—and connections—while working behind the bar. My last two serious relationships were bar customers. Be someone I can give my phone number to. Be someone who I can ask for a ride from and know I'm safe—and that no funny business will occur. Be a receptive ear. We are low-key therapists—sometimes we want to talk about our personal lives, too. Sometimes, we are in unhappy relationships, have bad home lives—normal people struggles. Be a sympathetic ear right back. Just be COOL. It's sad that it needs to be said, but apparently, it does.

### **Let The Bartender Hit On You—Not The Other Way Around**

Bottom line: if the bartender likes you, you *will* know. It won't be a mystery. You'll

know, in the way that we invite you to hang out with us. You'll know, in the way that we'll compliment you. You'll know, when we give you a cute nickname and we share a few inside jokes. You'll know, in the way that we'll ask you to put your number in our phone. We'll comp your drink. We will worry, when we don't see you for a while. We may contact you and make sure things are okay, when we don't see you. We'll pour your drink with special consideration, exactly how you like it. We will take extra special care of you. We'll greet you with a genuine smile and ask how you've been. We'll give you a hug—one that was unsolicited. We'll reach across the bar and touch your hand. Let us initiate the conversation. Let us invite you to hangout outside of the bar. If you're not into that, you won't succeed. Banging the bartender is a long game. We are used to controlling every aspect of the bar, including you. It's literally our job. Don't shake it up and flex control—you will not win. If you can't commit to it, you don't want it badly enough.

### **Accept The Consequences**

If you hookup with the bartender, be prepared to never go to that bar again. That's the price you will pay, so make sure your fixation is worth it. IF your hookup was successful—and, not serious—literally, the entire bar staff will know about it and they will be talking about it. That means, if it was good, bad or anywhere in between, we will joke about it until the end of time, and no one else on the staff will touch you with a ten foot pole. If the sex was bad, I feel especially sorry for you. You may not be able to go to any bar in that entire part of town, ever again. If it turns into more of a "thing," we don't want you hanging out at the bar while we work. Once it's done, we probably won't serve you anymore. Forget about hitting on anyone else at that bar, or bringing in anyone else, either. There are exceptions, of course. For the most part, though, you trade the sex with the bartender for being able to still go to that bar, as long as they work there. Weigh the options. Don't pick the bar right by your house. Don't pick the bar that you and all your friends like to hang out at for happy hour. Don't pick the bar you like to watch the game at. Don't pick the bar you love the most. Choose wisely. May the odds be forever in your favor.

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# TOP

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS: 2019 EDITION



BY BRAD COX

Hey there, everyone, another year has come and gone. This one has sure been full of a bunch of fuckery, but let's choose to celebrate it as it leaves...shall we? I know we have all been through some shit, at least if the meme game on that stupid website I'm not gonna name is correct. I see everyone posting shit about how 2017 or 2018 fucked them all up. I'm not sure why we all decided to blame our lives on calendars, but, fuck it...right? So, to celebrate my third edition of this amazing article that has brought us all so much joy, let's do another one!

### 1) I Will Quit Social Media

I don't know why I let addiction beat me so easily, but it seems that I just can't fucking stop looking at Facebook—mostly while I'm

shitting. Seriously, though, I hate it—I hate the energy it brings into my life, I hate the platform it gives stupid people, and most importantly, I hate the fact that I love it. I already don't interact a ton on there, but outside of my immediate, live-in family and the people I work with, it's just about my only connection to the outside world. I suppose you could count YouTube, but that's a one-way window—I don't want to scroll through that stupid, fucking mess anymore. How many times do I have to get angry about some person oversharing about their shitty relationship, before I just man the fuck up and admit maybe the world just isn't for me? So, maybe, no connection is better in the long run for me.

### 2) I Want To Save Some Fucking Money

I am 36 years old. I now own a home, thanks to cancer killing my mom, but outside of that (and a pretty bitchin' collection of video games), I don't have fuckall to show for my life. It isn't that I lack earning power, but much like the social media problem, I lack the courage of my convictions to follow through. I spend money on really dumb shit, because I'm depressed. Then, I get depressed that I don't have any form of worthwhile plan for the future. 2019 will be the year where I get my shit together and put some serious effort into delaying my gratification, so that my family and I can own something.

### 3) I Will Continue My Battle With Anger

In 2018, I mostly gave up my main avenue of anger expression. This year, I am going to double down on that. I not only want to continue to grow my ability to control my anger, but I want to learn to turn anger into kindness and understanding. I know that shit sounds like something someone named River would say at hot yoga, but I'm serious, man. In a world so full of hate and violence, it isn't enough to be a conscientious objector. You have to actively spread the opposite of anger, acceptance and understanding. So, 2019 will be the year of the hippy fucking bullshit for me. Hopefully, I can come out the other side a little better for it, just like I did this past year, when I gave up calling people human garbage on the internet, because they like the wrong Power Ranger.

### 4) I Still May Not Finish My Book

I keep telling myself that I will make time to work on my novel. Kind of like how you keep telling yourself that this is the year you will finally learn what a sit up is. What's a real fucking bummer, is it's really just an embellished version of my own real story with relationships. I don't even have to write the fucking story—it's all shit that really happened. I just have to sit my lazy ass down and type it. Don't ask me why I can't seem to manage that shit, but I'll assume I was right the first time...I'm lazy? I suppose it could be the fear of being so exposed. I don't paint myself with a kind brush in the book, but I wanted to tell the truth about stuff—that's the whole point. If I didn't want to expose myself to that, I could have written a true crime novel, instead. So, I have to return to laziness as my explanation.



### 5) I Will Go Back To The Stand-Up Stage

I have a small fortune's worth of good joke ideas that I haven't been open mic'ing, because I convinced myself I wasn't any good. The truth is, I never wanted to have the opportunity to actually fail. So, I just stopped doing it, while I was marginally successful and still getting booked. With everything going on in the world, I just have to go back to a stage, to tell people why I think it's stupid. I owe it to myself to really, truly fail. I don't mean for the lack of trying—I mean, stuntman style—I want to fail while I am on fire. So, I am going to start showing the fuck up, so that people can watch a grown man tell jokes about superheroes and conspiracy theories. Because, fuck you, is why. I have to live inside my head every single day. It's my moral obligation to remind you how good you have it, by letting you peek in here for a few minutes.

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By Jaime Dunkle

## The Double Standard

Martin wakes up with a sour taste in his mouth. His feet hang over the couch arm. The pleather sticks to his skin on his back. The sweat and hair leave brush strokes where he slept. They fade as he gets up.

His son plays on the living room floor, probably since long before he woke. Spaceships launch from oversized Lego platforms, while stuffed elephants and bears watch in a half circle. A laptop is propped open to an endless barrage of YouTube kid shows, without parental controls determining what's appropriate. A questionable video, of Mickey Mouse and his family holding guns to each other's and their own heads, pops up. No one notices.

Destiny—his baby mama—sleeps in the other room, with two women she partied with the night before. She kicked Martin out of the room when the vibe got sexual. Consequently, he ended the night chopping dessert on a mirror in the living room and jacking off to their moans and his fantasies—defined via porno categories on his phone.

He scratches his ass into the kitchen and shrugs at the cereal spilled all over the counter. Lucky Charms with the marshmallows missing. A small plastic cup of milk almost empty, but no bowl.

"You hungry, bud?"

The 4-year-old boy runs into the kitchen with sugarcaked cheeks and the dirt that clings to it.

"Can I have some pizza?"

It's 10am on a Wednesday. Soiled dishes tower in the sink. Food and crumbs on the countertops.

"No, but you can have more cereal."

The boy runs to the table and sits with a plush giraffe he carries with him everywhere.

Destiny comes into the kitchen and glares at Martin, then smiles at her son.

"I've no idea how something so precious came from something so repulsive," she says as she turns on the coffee pot and pours a shot of Kalua in a mug.

Martin scoops the cereal from the counter into a bowl and pours some from the box. He bites his tongue. Figuratively at first, but then literally, as anger boils inside and teeth slice through the muscle

in his mouth.

"Fuck!"

He touches it and sees blood.

"Watch your fucking mouth around the kid," Destiny says.

Martin puts the bowl of Lucky Charms in front of their son.

"You watch your mouth," he says. "We both know where it's been."

Before she could retort, the two girlfriends interrupt with makeup-smudged faces and rat's nest hair.

"We'll see you at the club, girl," one says. "Had fun last night," the other says and slaps Destiny's ass. The first one picks a Lucky Charms marshmallow from the boy's bowl, chomps and rubs his head.

"Could you keep your slimy hands off my son, please," Martin says.

She flicks her tongue between her index finger and middle finger, to mock him with the ecstasy he missed out on. Both women blow kisses to Destiny and leave.

"Don't harass my guests," Destiny says, as she pours coffee into the Kalua.

"Harass? You said I could crash here this week instead of at my homie's," Martin says. "You're the one who came home with strippers from work, then asked *me* for party favors and then kicked me out when y'all started to get down. So, I watched our kid while you rubbed up on other dudes, then I supplied your all-female orgy with fuel and I didn't even trip when you booted me to the couch. How is *that* harassment?"

"You're just pissed, 'cause you ain't got no swag no more, now that I left your ass," she says.

"That has nothing to do with any of this!"

The boy sits silently at the table—eating his cereal, as the milk turns an array of colors.

"Maybe if you weren't nothing but a loser dishwasher, I wouldn't have to strip and I wouldn't have had to leave your scrubby ass."

"You told me to quit selling and I did. Then I got a real job, but it don't pay sh...the same...and now, you're gonna sit here and criticize me for trying to change my life for our son?"

The boy leaves the table and goes back to his toy shuttle launch and endless stream of unsupervised videos in the living room. The adults, if you can even call them that, remain bickering in the kitchen.

"Change? You brought powder into this house! That ain't changing shit," Destiny says.

"Powder that you and your hoodrats snorted for free, when I could've sold it for a new microwave. Besides, I ain't selling like I was. That was for supplemental income, since you always yell at me about being a scrub."

She charges after him. He steps to the side. She shoulders the refrigerator and whimpers.

"Look what you made me do! Stop blaming me for your bad choices!" She sulks against the counter.

He puts his arm around her in an attempt to comfort her. She flails him off of her, he steps back and gestures an "okay" with hands up.

"I don't want to fight with you," Martin says. "I still love you."

Destiny tears up. Then they hear a crash and a cry from the boy and his toys.

They run into the living room—he's fallen off the couch and bonked his head on the coffee table.

Destiny holds him and Martin fetches ice from the kitchen, wraps it in a dish towel and dampens it in the sink. He returns to the mother and son in the living room. He gently presses the damp, cold compress to the boy's swollen forehead. They all sit, huddled on the stained carpet.

Destiny raises her eyes to his and they've lost the disdain she harbored earlier. Martin holds her and his son and rocks them in silence.

*Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Please don't cyberstalk her at [JaimeDunkle.com](http://JaimeDunkle.com) or @JaimeDunkle (no creepers allowed).*

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